

### The Competition

The wind turned, your  
scrawny craft uppercut.  
How come

you couldn't sense  
it early? Since  
cues are eternal-

ly there in water  
and in air, angles

of the sun, vapory in-  
timations, sounds  
before beginning,

the wrench-  
ing solitary  
cloud, a lover's

eyes gnawing  
the moon.